

On the road to Armageddon

THE OPENING of the archives in the Public Record Office to the end of the Second World War has naturally led to a pellucid scramble among contemporary historians to be first with the But there turns out to be very few news, partly because the official plans have done a thorough job of abetting or hindering by the pious of the chief participants, partly perhaps because as A. J. P. Taylor long ago pointed out, Foreign Affairs know few secrets anyway. There is no question now of rewriting history in the sense of correcting meant errors of fact. What can one do to take a fresh look at a picture: whether standing from it to get a more coherent synoptic view, as Peter Calvocoressi and the late Guy Wint have in *Total War*; or isolating a single element in the design for scrutiny, as Corelli Barnett does in *The Collapse of British Power*; or placing a single thread on the canvas under microscopic scrutiny, as Peter Dennis has in *Decision by Default*. All three are derived from opening of the archives.

The benefit is least obvious in the case of Mr. Calvocoressi and Mr. Wint, because they give no references and their bibliography is confined to secondary sources. But the knowledge in the introduction to a research assistant, Rosemary Righter, implies something more than the repetition of second-hand facts, which in any case would be characteristic of the two highly talented authors. Mr. Dennis's debt to the opening of the archives is obvious from the dates spanned by his scholarly and unpretentious work. The reduction of the period from 50 years to 30 years, which revealed 20 years' of a stroke, and they happened to be those of the inter-war period which formed the background of Mr. Dennis's study. The same period has contributed substantially to Mr. Barnett's much more ambitious and wide-ranging work, his use of the inter-war documents more hasty as well as more thorough. It is curious, for example, though covering the same period, that Mr. Dennis, he never mentions the British Government's decision to introduce conscription to military service in peacetime, which is the central theme of *Decision by Default*.

But matters of detail are not necessarily important, because most were already known. What is another effect of the opening of the archives is the more minute view of the two world wars side by side, and more of the first half of the century in a single continuous perspective. One consequence is to turn the accepted view that the world wars were really a struggle interrupted by an inter-war lull, like the Peloponnesian



Total war in Budapest during the Second World War.

PETER CALVOCORESSI and GUY WINT:
Total War
Causes and Courses of the Second World War
959pp plus 98 plates. Allen Lane
The Penguin Press. £6.

CORELLI BARNETT:
The Collapse of British Power
643pp. Eyre Methuen. £5.

PETER DENNIS:
Decision by Default
Peacetime conscription and British defence, 1919-39
243pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£3.25.

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War or the wars against Napoleon. Another less obvious revelation is that whereas the First World War was not really a world war at all, the Second World War was a series of scarcely related wars which finally overlapped in the Armageddon of 1945. (These distinctions are particularly well drawn by Mr. Calvocoressi and Mr. Wint.) Perhaps most interesting of all is the consequence deduced by Mr. Barnett: that it no longer makes sense to draw distinctions between war and peace as subjects of history, or between the civil and military potential of a nation.

The word "total" has a special appeal to historians of the latest age. *Total War*, as the authors explain, is intended to describe the "causes" as well as the "courses" of the war; and the latter word is in the plural because there were in fact several wars going on simultaneously, one of which began in 1931, another in 1939, and two more in 1941, though all ended in 1945. But totality means more than a synoptic view of all these struggles. The authors are concerned not only with the campaigns but also with "what happened behind what used to be called 'the lines'". In the same way, Mr. Barnett is concerned with "total strategy", which he defines as "encompassing all the factors relevant to preserving or extending the power of a human group in the face of rivalry from other human groups". Lest anyone mistake the meaning of these portentous words, he adds that "from this standpoint, a topic like religion, for example, appears in a perhaps surprising light as a strategic factor of no less significance than frontline air strength". Whereas Mr. Dennis is content, accurately and painstakingly, to chart the progress of British governments between the wars from complacency *via* appeasement to panic desperation, Mr. Barnett traces these phenomena to their nineteenth-century origins; and Mr. Calvocoressi and Mr. Wint even more ambitiously, though on an encapsulated scale, do the same for the United States, the Soviet Union, Germany, China and Japan.

A remarkable paradox emerges by way of conclusion. It is that democracies are much more efficient at waging total war than totalitarian states. Germany never succeeded in mobilizing the whole of its resources for war; in 1942, in fact, Hitler actually started demobilizing, under the mistaken impression that the war was already won. Less well known were the shortcomings of Japanese organization for total war, of which Mr. Wint gives a brilliant and original explanation. Although the Japanese had been at war since 1931, they had no plans for a protracted war which they took on the western allies as well ten years later. Even their mobilization was a deeply personal cult. Their economy was even more precarious than that of Great Britain, the one country which (apart from the Empire) had the closest affinity of circumstances with Japan. Their political

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leaders were divided and uncertain; the armed forces were riddled with faction, and rivalry between the army and navy was as intense as in the United States; Japanese imperialism was the most inefficient ever recorded. The only kind of war they were capable of fighting was the knock-out blow. Once Pearl Harbor failed to lead to instant capitulation they fought on the defensive for the rest of the war, spreading fear in order to conceal their own fears. The final phase of horrific despair, symbolized by the kamikaze pilots, is well described by Mr Wint as "the eschatology of war". It is an unfamiliar but convincing reconstruction.

The final scenes in Germany were similar, but strike a more familiar note. Mr Calvoressi and Mr Wint have remarkably well-matched styles, equally crisp, imaginative and economical. It is as if a single historian with an equally specialized knowledge of Europe and Asia, as well as the United States and the Soviet Union, had written the whole book from a single point of view, in fact they treat the European and Pacific campaigns as distinct wars. Although the German war began later and finished earlier than the Japanese war, it is treated first in its entirety, ending with an epilogue barely halfway through the book. The method proves less confusing than might be feared, for the material is tidily organized, the successive themes developed in leisurely and copious detail, and the book ends with a comprehensive chronology of all fronts in parallel columns. Both authors have a keen eye for personalities and striking detail as well as a sense of history and of the foundations of national character. They miss no opportunity of reinforcing pages of well-reasoned analysis with bizarre and significant anecdotes, like Ribbentrop's plan "to arrange a conference with Stalin at which he would shoot Stalin with a specially designed fountain pen", or the Japanese attempt to subvert that well-known oppressed minority among their prisoners of war, the Scots.

What Mr Calvoressi and Mr Wint never quite succeed in explaining, however, is the fact already mentioned, that the Western democracies in the end proved much better at total war than the totalitarian states: in the end, of course, but not at the beginning. Nor does Mr Barnett explain this paradox. Indeed, by confining his study mainly to the years before 1940, he

appears minded by implication to refute it. He is a kind of pro-British iconoclast, lamenting the downfall of British power, convinced that it was not inevitable, and contemptuous of the intrinsic qualities which former generations saw as virtues, but which he sees as self-induced defects.

The composition of his book is peculiar. After a short opening chapter describing the catastrophe of 1940, there follow three chapters examining the fundamental weaknesses of the British system. The first, ironically entitled "All That Is Noble and Good", is a devastating criticism of pre-war education, especially in the public schools. Next, Mr Barnett refutes the popular assumption that Britain was "The Greatest Power in the World". On the contrary, as he shows with a mass of evidence from blue books and economic surveys, "England by 1914 was well on the way to becoming a technological colony of the United States and Germany". The belief that the Empire was a source of strength is also exposed as a myth. It might have been, but Britain failed to exploit its potentialities. India was an expensive liability; Canada and South Africa were constant saboteurs of any plans to make the Empire a more effective organization; and so far as the dependent colonies were concerned, there was no economic policy at all. Imperial conferences were merely occasions for exchanging "spongy platitudes". In a memorable phrase, Mr Barnett depicts Britain as standing no longer "with the assured ease of a conqueror, but stuck like a gumboot in a bog".

This gloomy diagnosis forms the prelude to a very long chapter, occupying more than half the book, entitled "Covenants Without Swords". It tells the story of the inter-war years, based on the Cabinet papers and other official sources, and supported by the memoirs and biographies of the chief participants in British political life. The central theme is that it was not the First World War that undermined Britain's supremacy: it was "the final reckoning for the increasing backwardness and uncompetitiveness of the past sixty years". Britain was ruled between the wars mostly by men educated under a system invented by Dr Arnold of Rugby a century before. Those who had not passed through the public school system, as well as some of those who had, were brought up in

the nonconformist tradition, which was almost as bad. All of them were at heart high-minded liberals or "clergyman's mandarins"; and many acid sneers could be quoted from Mr Barnett's diatribes to show that for him these are the ultimate terms of abuse. Interlarded with these pre-conceptions, and interpreted in the light of them, are abundant quotations from the Cabinet papers to demonstrate the futility of a government "refulgent with high Victorian ideals". Nor were their errors confined to the years of appeasement of Hitler. Equally crass were the blunders of joining the League of Nations, yielding to the Americans over naval parity, failing to extract more military resources out of the Dominions, negotiating the Statute of Westminster, and throwing overboard Sir Samuel Hoare's perfectly respectable agreement with Laval over Abyssinia. The fault lay where Cassius told Brutus, "not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings".

Rearmament as the cause of ruin

Mr Barnett's thesis is powerfully and at times overbearing argued. Clearly there is much truth in it; but if it were the whole truth, it would be difficult to account for that "finest hour" which began just when Mr Barnett breaks off, and lasted for over a year of single-handed resistance. His final chapter in fact hints at a quite different explanation of the decline which followed the end of the Second World War. In the last few pages, he describes how the United States took advantage of Britain's desperate predicament in 1940 to impose conditions on economic and military aid which were bound to be ruinous after the war. This bitterly anti-American diagnosis of the problem is again unsatisfactory as a total explanation, but it is at least quite different from the earlier thesis which lays the whole blame on the British educational system.

Moreover, at other times Mr Barnett has glimpses of explanations which are much less simple and much more realistic. As he himself puts it, "the better the British equipped themselves to prosecute the war, the quicker they brought on their economic ruin". The Treasury had in fact pointed out with unanswerable logic, some years before, that it was possible to finance rearmament without economic ruin only if it

were known exactly when the war would break out. In other words, all the cards were stacked in the hands of the aggressor.

No one would lavish extravagant praise on Britain's political leaders during the years between the wars, though Baldwin's reputation now stands much higher than it did. But it is only fair to recognize that the dilemma of preparing to fight a war is insoluble for a democracy when the place and time of the war cannot be of its own choosing. There were of course a few hot-heads who advocated preventive war against Germany even before the seizure of Czechoslovakia; and it is now generally accepted that Britain and France should have gone to war in 1938 at the latest. The men who failed the test of responsibility at that time were certainly short-sighted, but their attitudes were far from being so homogeneous as their critics have made out. Some were weak-willed, but Chamberlain was the very opposite. There were hawks and doves, but by no means all the hawks left the Cabinet with Eden or Duff Cooper; nor were Eden, Churchill and Vansittart so permanently hawkish as their later reputations suggest. More important perhaps, the Cabinet was divided between moralists and pragmatists, and both categories were divided among themselves. On the whole the pragmatists prevailed, though in the end both attitudes pointed to the same conclusion. The shifts and nuances can be more clearly seen in Mr Dennis's minute and painstaking analysis of the records than in Mr Barnett's more dogmatic and colourful sweep over the same ground.

The crux of the story as it emerges from both accounts was the theory of "limited liability" for the British armed forces. Chamberlain adopted it for economic reasons as soon as he became Prime Minister in 1937, and finally abandoned it two years later. The theory presupposed that Britain would never again send a major expeditionary force overseas to fight on the continent of Europe. Our defence would rest on the Navy, the Air Force, and a basically territorial Army. This policy was not one of timid idealism but of hard-headed logic. The fact that it proved a mistaken logic, which had to be revised, does not alter the matter: both the adoption and the revision of the policy were pragmatically based. Mr Dennis clearly brings out the fallacy, which Mr Barnett tends to obscure in a somewhat undigested plethora of extracts

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from

Nothing to do but torture each other

BRUCE HAMILTON:

The Light Went Out
The Life of Patrick Hamilton
195pp. £1.50.

Patrick Hamilton:
Hangover Square
A Story of darkest Fenchurch Court
280pp. £1.90.

The Slaves of Solitude
242pp. £1.90.
Constable.

The life of Patrick Hamilton might be a textbook case of psychological inadequacy. His father Bernard, the son of a Kentish rector, inherited £100,000 from his mother when he was twenty-one. On the same day he met in the Empire promenade a prostitute, whom he married, and tried unsuccessfully to reclaim. Bernard Hamilton became a novelist (the extraordinary alternative opening sentences of his book, *Coronation Street*, are quoted here), a traveller and London clubman, a barrister, a garrulous talker mostly about religion. He married again, this time the daughter of a "fashionable dentist", who was also making a second marriage. The marriage was not happy, but it lasted, and it produced three children of whom Patrick, born in 1904, was the youngest.

Without ever being positively harsh to his children, Bernard Hamilton tried to order their lives with a military strictness based on his own experience as a commissioned officer during the First World War. Bruce Hamilton reproduces part of a letter written by his father to Patrick, who was studying shorthand away from the family home at Chiswick:

On Sabbath mornings you will sit, regularly, under the minister of the Scots Presbyterian Church near St Pancras. This is a *parade*. You will then proceed to Chiswick, reporting for Dinner at one-thirty, military time—i.e. five minutes early.

Bruce Hamilton tells several stories of his father's passion for self-dramatization. In one walk about the West End with Patrick he asked a beggar sporting medals, "What's your regiment?", learnt that it was one of which he did not much approve and said "Two pence for you"; visited Hatchard's and asked for some good novels, saying "I'm an author myself, so I don't want any trash"; and later ogled the girl behind the cash desk in a Soho restaurant. ("Ah, la petite! She is a buxom little lass, that one.")

Bernard Hamilton died in 1930, having at last run through all his money. The effect of his personality upon that of his younger son was profound. In his early twenties Patrick, too, fell in love with a prostitute. During the course of the affair he did not go to bed with her, but emotionally he suffered a great deal. "She played hell with her ardent but still relatively innocent and impecunious lover, taking all and giving nothing... reducing him to a condition of helpless despair rarely broken by moments of delicious happiness." He was never able to achieve a happy emotional relationship with any woman. His first marriage to Lois Martin lasted for more than twenty years, although he was "quite unable to manage a satisfactory sexual relation" with her. His second, to "La", a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, lasted until his death in 1962, but it was marked by incessant quarrels, so that he moved from La to Lois, and then back to La again.

Bernard had been at times a heavy drinker. Patrick became a compulsive one. There were external reasons for this, among them the after-effects of a car accident, which left him with a withered arm and permanent scars on his face. But it was surely inward pressures that led to his consumption of three bottles of whisky a day. He took cures, but their effects were only temporary. The drinking, together with the strain of the disastrous second marriage, paralysed his will and greatly weakened his dedication and ability as a writer.

Near the end, in significant ways, he became his father. During a visit to a variety theatre, unable to sit still, Patrick went to the bar and began to talk to the woman serving drinks. "Of course, I know this theatre well. I've had several plays of my own on here," he said, and repeated it again and again. His brother, remembering their father's remark in Hatchard's, comments: "After nearly forty years, a full cycle had been completed. This was where we had come in."

Bruce Hamilton has told the story of his brother's life with a tact and sensitivity that does not exclude frankness. The links between the brothers were deep and strong, from their joint discovery of Keats and Shelley (they played a game of writing competitive sonnets), through the period of Patrick's immense success as dramatist and novelist, to the dark years at the end. Bruce Hamilton is himself a novelist less well known than he should be—*Pro* is one of the very few novels about cricket worth reading—but this moving memoir is probably the best thing he has written. It is worth reading as a tragedy of much human interest, but of course it would not have been published if Patrick Hamilton had not been regarded as, in his brother's words, "one of the major novelists and most considerable playwrights of his time". He is not so regarded today, and these handsome reissues of *The Slaves of Solitude* and *Hangover Square*, together with the biography, offer the chance to reconsider the question: how good a writer was Patrick Hamilton?

The plays and the novels have to be judged by different standards. J. B. Priestley, who provides an introduction to both novels (by an unwelcome touch of economy, the same introduction is surely right in saying that the successful plays, *Rope* and *Gaslight*, are not in the same class as the best of the novels. They are theatrically effective thrillers, but *Rope* in particular now seems jarringly superficial in its interpretation of the Leopold-Lob case. Two of his radio plays, *To the Public Dancer* and *Money with Attitudes*, are a different matter. As a playwright Hamilton was conventional, but working in the still comparatively undeveloped medium of radio, he used its possibilities and limitations with brilliant instinctive skill. In their deepening of tension with the utmost economy of means, very often through the silences between speeches, these short plays remain models of their kind.

They also indicate Hamilton's obsession with the persecution of one human being by another, one of the themes of the radio plays is the mental torture inflicted on a middle-aged businessman by a schoolfellow whom he has bullied mercilessly in his childhood, another about a man savagely bullied for his attempt to behave decently after the car in which he is travelling has a cyclist, a third (*Callers Anonymous*) about the exercise of power through obscene telephone calls. The persecution theme is prominent in the two stage plays, together with an unstressed homosexuality in *Rope*.

All this surely reflects some defeat or inhibition suffered by Hamilton himself. The picture of him at twenty-seven reproduced here shows a face strikingly innocent and unformed. The eyes behind the round spectacles seem to be wistfully looking for some kind of certainty, a certainty which in the realm of ideas he sought for momentarily in the work of Nietzsche, and later by adherence to a simplistic Marxism and a pathetically faithful belief in the Soviet Union. In this he resembled his friend and fellow-drinker of impenetrable John Davenport, who was also perhaps looking for a general certainty to offset particular personal doubts.

For Hamilton the certainties, such as they were, provided no release from the failure of his sexual life. His brother says that *The Midnight Bell*, the best book in his trilogy about London pub life, told in fiction the story of his equivalent to the prostitute with whom he fell in love, but this theme is more significantly

repeated in *Hangover Square*, in the subjection of George Harvey Bone to the atrocious Netta.

He was in the best sense an adolescent writer, delighting in the final scene when the villain gets his comeuppance. Such scenes, and also the preliminaries during which the decent character is endlessly baited and persecuted, he envisaged with great power. He seems to have associated happiness with his own early life, and again and again he returned both in life and in fiction to Hove, where part of his childhood had been spent. Too little has been made of Hamilton's concern with cruelty—too little, because this is what gives power to his work—but it is possible also to make too much. The quality of sentimentality or facetious humour is also strong, given force by Dickensian rhetorical flourishes and repetitions.

And, as Mr Priestley perceptively says, "he is above all the novelist of the homeless". His people meet in bars, live in flats or bed-sitting rooms, have little past and no cheerful future. Hamilton understood such people, people unable to accommodate themselves to society not because they were rebels against it but from sheer incompetence, better than any novelist of his time or ours. The two novels chosen for republication are almost certainly his finest work (although the novels about his sadistic villain-hero Ernest Ralph Gorse have a gloomy power, unacknowledged either by his brother or by Priestley), and their particular quality rests in the ability to interpret the feelings of those who live outside the awareness of most novelists.

The Slaves of Solitude was published in 1947. It deals with a group of characters enduring the war in a boarding house at Thames Lockdown, which "bears a rough geographical and external resemblance to Henley-on-Thames". The treatment of the war is managed with great skill. It rarely enters the story directly, but is seen as a background presence almost actively malignant, a force that,

while packing the public places tighter and tighter, was slowly, cleverly, month by month, week by week, day by day, emptying the shelves of the shops—sneaking cigarettes from the tobacconists, sweets from the confectioners, paper, pens, and envelopes from

the stationers, liftings from the hardware stores, wool from the drapers, glycerine from the chemists, spilt and beer from the public-houses, and so on endlessly, while at the same time gradually removing crockery from the refreshment bars, railings from familiar places, means of transport from the streets, accommodation from the hotels, and sitting or even standing room from the trains.

Among the minor menaces of the war is the conversation of Mr Thwaites at the boarding house. "Your friends seem to be mightily distinguishing themselves, as usual," he says to Miss Roach, referring to the Russians. Mr Thwaites is one of the Hamilton villains, a big, tall, mustachioed sadist who has lived in boarding houses and hotels all his life. Miss Roach, a spinster nearing 40, who works as secretary in a London publishing firm, is his present victim, her assumed liking for everything Russian the pretext for torment.

That steady look with which as a child he would have torn off a butterfly's wing, with which as a boy he would have twisted another boy's wrist, with which as a man he would have humiliated a servant or inferior, was upon him now as he looked at Miss Roach.

Unrelentingly Mr Thwaites pursues her, using language which may seem a little exaggerated in its ponderous facetiousness, but which comes out murellously right on the page. The other inhabitants of the boarding house, sickly Miss Barrell preoccupied with her pills, would-be cultured Miss Steele, silent Mr Priest, are sympathetic but helpless. Vicki Kugelmann, the German refugee who befriends and brings to life at the boarding house, turns out to be a second monster, who is soon in league with Mr Thwaites. Even her visits to pubs and cinemas with an American Air Force officer who seems to like her, turn bitter when it becomes plain that he prefers the lively Vicki to her timid friend.

The book's climactic point comes with Miss Roach's successful rebellion against the Thwaites Kugelmann axis, but it is really a study in loneliness, and its most symbolically important character is the retired music-hall comedian Mr Post, who goes up to London frequently, but often meets no one he knows. In pubs he is driven to taking out letters from his

pocket and pretending to read them, their contents, on the gulf of avoidance other players and also by himself, stopping abruptly, as if he happens to play a fiddle. ZS.

Hangover Square, published years earlier, ends on the fire the war. When the schizo-dramatic and dramatic perambulation of Chamberlain, the radio saying that Britain's plays both as pieces for the theatre as an event for which all the

Some of the technical information here is relatively simple, though interesting—for example, the late appearance of the buskin proper on expecting something to happen Greek stage. Much more intricate would put an end to their less existences, which modulators of theatrical taste: the one bar in London to an introduction first takes the purchases-Brighton and back again, as point of view—"What did these jete of the book is to show illustrations mean to him, and how

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Greek plays through Greek eyes

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a devoted follower of local revivals? While not all "theatrical" vases can have been made for actors or their admirers, the authors produce some fascinating statistics to show that the vases bear out what the ancient writers had suggested: that Euripides, though unpopular in his lifetime, later outstripped both Aeschylus and Sophocles, while Aristophanes, who said so many unkind things about Euripides, soon lost his own small artistic following to Menander. Further, they notice that a high proportion of vases with theatrical connections come from the Greek colonies in the West: the comic *phryx* vases made all over southern Italy in the fourth century BC immediately spring to mind, but Professor Trendall notes that the more serious colonial vase-painters made use of theatrical subjects from the outset. With this in mind one must give due weight to the considerable number of imports from Attica with dramatic scenes. It is a phenomenon which is not easy to explain, but which is here treated in a somewhat cavalier manner.

The main part of the book deals with the objects themselves, selected "to give a visual idea of what the dramatic performances of the ancient Greek world looked like from their beginnings down to the Hellenistic period". They have been divided chronologically and by subject into Pre-dramatic Monuments,

the "primary" Assemblies of ancient times and the parliaments of today. No doubt we still owe a great debt to the principles and procedures worked out in ancient Greece and Rome. But it would need quite another book to enumerate them, since Dr Staveley is content merely to describe the ancient systems as they were.

This he has done very successfully. Among the Greeks, he was right to concentrate on Athens and Sparta, since we know most about them. To find Sparta coupled with notoriously "democratic" Athens as a sort of model of voting procedure will strike some readers as strange, since the Spartan system, with its mass of ruthlessly controlled non-citizens, was later regarded as highly undemocratic. But the essential feature of a "primary" Assembly was the participation of those who were citizens. How far back these meetings went in other parts of the world it is difficult to tell: they have been conjecturally identified in communities where archaeology reveals the absence of a royal or outstanding household, for example Mohenjodaro (or Gournia in Crete). But Dr Staveley begins his search for the origins of voting in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though the evidence they

provide is largely negative. Then he goes on, tentatively, to envisage the developments in Sparta and Athens alike as comprising two more or less parallel stages: the emergence, first, of a voting council after the mid-eighth century BC and, secondly, of a voting assembly at about 600 or a little later.

As for the Romans, on whose early Republican constitution Dr Staveley has already done much important work, he describes their highly complicated voting system with the authority that one would expect. In the preface there is a tribute to the late Lily Ross Taylor (of whose three major publications on this subject, the most recent, *Roman Voting Assemblies*, was reviewed in the TLS on May 16, 1968). "In theory," said Professor Taylor, "there was universal suffrage, but the provisions for voting were not adequate for the qualified voters." This is putting it rather mildly. Those students of Roman history who find themselves confounded by the gulfs that separate Rome's theory and practice will do well to study Dr Staveley's chapter, "The Principle of the Group Vote", which, within a brief compass, makes the procedure clearer—at least if one is prepared to concentrate fairly hard.

But his psephologists and political scientists must turn above all to a subsequent chapter called "The Manipulation of the Vote"—and also to an earlier chapter about the Greeks, "Manipulation and Fraud". It becomes evident at once that the omission of "Fraud" from the heading of the Roman discussion is purely fortuitous. This analysis will form a very useful companion to many of Cicero's speeches. It is also of considerable interest as a guide to the national psychology of the Republican Romans, who so strangely combined a praiseworthy devotion to the law—verging sometimes upon an almost hysterical legalism—with an inextinguishable ingenuity in frustrating its aims. The emperors, following as usual the cunning example of Augustus, carried on in the same ambivalent spirit: for a while retaining a streamlined medium of electoral paraphernalia, they made sure, by elaborate means, that it produced the results they wanted, or at least which they did not actively dislike. Until unconcealed autocracy took over, their efforts provided a classic exercise in the use of a glove of such delicate velvet that the composition of the iron hand inside it was scarcely even detectable.

This remarkable phenomenon did not last for long, because the central government later robbed municipal offices of their autonomy and made them liable to heavy financial burdens. It would be worth considering whether this upsurge of a new municipal liveliness, caused by the elimination of democratic institutions at the centre, could be paralleled by any instances in modern history.

dating and the plots of some of the lost plays, largely based on the appearance of *kalos*-names on the vases, with that of Eikon. Aeschylus's son, evidently playing a leading role in the early plays of Sophocles. But the possibilities are never fully worked out: it would be good to have another book that discusses some of these problems more fully. Trendall and Webster have already shown us that there is clearly much to be learnt from the vases about the lost plays of the great tragedians, quite apart from those by authors of whom we know little more than their names, while Professor Trendall's chapter on the *phryx* vases guides the reader gently into an appreciation of their very real wit.

One of the greatest difficulties in compiling such a book is to decide just what is "drama". In the "Pre-dramatic" chapter, Professor Webster is concerned only with the "prehistory" of dramatic techniques and conventions, and their growth out of the cult-ceremonies of Dionysus. Even though he lists relatively few vases, one soon realizes that a great number of such scenes may in fact have had a connexion with chorus and dithyramb. In the chapter on Old and Middle Comedy, the authors admit that "Attic painters... are apt to paint characters rather than actors", and this is the crux that makes this

book such a difficult one to compile, and in which lies its greatest potential stimulus. In the later chapters on comedy we are usually on safer grounds, for masks and stage-scenery abound, but in the tragic representations there is generally little to indicate whether the painter is showing his own idea of the legend or the current stage version, and the authors seem a little too keen to attribute all initiative to the stage. They discuss Aeschylus's *Orestia*; they illustrate scenes from the *Choe-phori* and *Emmenides*, and though most of these vases could clearly be derived from Aeschylus, none are explicitly theatrical, and several add non-Aeschylean features. The *Emmenides* vases illustrated cover the hundred years 440-340 BC, but the development of the theatre in that period, or of the theme itself, is not discussed. There is no speculation about the artist's influence on the tragedian, because the vases of the 460s and 430s are not discussed. No pictures of the *Agamemnon* are mentioned, yet there are many candidates—above all the great mixing-bowl in Boston attributed to the Dokimasia Painter, showing on its two sides the deaths of Agamemnon, trapped in the infamous cloak, and of Agasthus. The vase is conventionally dated ten years before Aeschylus's trilogy of 458 BC; it is fast becoming a classicist's chestnut, yet one feels that two such widely-read scholars must have an opinion worth hearing.

When the demos got its say

the "primary" Assemblies of ancient times and the parliaments of today. No doubt we still owe a great debt to the principles and procedures worked out in ancient Greece and Rome. But it would need quite another book to enumerate them, since Dr Staveley is content merely to describe the ancient systems as they were.

This he has done very successfully. Among the Greeks, he was right to concentrate on Athens and Sparta, since we know most about them. To find Sparta coupled with notoriously "democratic" Athens as a sort of model of voting procedure will strike some readers as strange, since the Spartan system, with its mass of ruthlessly controlled non-citizens, was later regarded as highly undemocratic. But the essential feature of a "primary" Assembly was the participation of those who were citizens. How far back these meetings went in other parts of the world it is difficult to tell: they have been conjecturally identified in communities where archaeology reveals the absence of a royal or outstanding household, for example Mohenjodaro (or Gournia in Crete). But Dr Staveley begins his search for the origins of voting in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though the evidence they

provide is largely negative. Then he goes on, tentatively, to envisage the developments in Sparta and Athens alike as comprising two more or less parallel stages: the emergence, first, of a voting council after the mid-eighth century BC and, secondly, of a voting assembly at about 600 or a little later.

As for the Romans, on whose early Republican constitution Dr Staveley has already done much important work, he describes their highly complicated voting system with the authority that one would expect. In the preface there is a tribute to the late Lily Ross Taylor (of whose three major publications on this subject, the most recent, *Roman Voting Assemblies*, was reviewed in the TLS on May 16, 1968). "In theory," said Professor Taylor, "there was universal suffrage, but the provisions for voting were not adequate for the qualified voters." This is putting it rather mildly. Those students of Roman history who find themselves confounded by the gulfs that separate Rome's theory and practice will do well to study Dr Staveley's chapter, "The Principle of the Group Vote", which, within a brief compass, makes the procedure clearer—at least if one is prepared to concentrate fairly hard.

But his psephologists and political scientists must turn above all to a subsequent chapter called "The Manipulation of the Vote"—and also to an earlier chapter about the Greeks, "Manipulation and Fraud". It becomes evident at once that the omission of "Fraud" from the heading of the Roman discussion is purely fortuitous. This analysis will form a very useful companion to many of Cicero's speeches. It is also of considerable interest as a guide to the national psychology of the Republican Romans, who so strangely combined a praiseworthy devotion to the law—verging sometimes upon an almost hysterical legalism—with an inextinguishable ingenuity in frustrating its aims. The emperors, following as usual the cunning example of Augustus, carried on in the same ambivalent spirit: for a while retaining a streamlined medium of electoral paraphernalia, they made sure, by elaborate means, that it produced the results they wanted, or at least which they did not actively dislike. Until unconcealed autocracy took over, their efforts provided a classic exercise in the use of a glove of such delicate velvet that the composition of the iron hand inside it was scarcely even detectable.

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Yet, strangely enough, whereas the coming of the principle deprived popular elections at Rome of any effective existence, in the municipalities, on the other hand, it actually stimulated interest in local electioneering. This will be clear to everyone who has seen the electoral slogans plastered over the walls of Pompeii. The reason for the paradox is explained by Dr Staveley:

when the more influential members of Italian society found themselves no longer directly involved as pawns in the political game at Rome they quite naturally began to devote more time and interest to their local township... the electoral campaign at Pompeii, and presumably in other municipalities in the early empire, bore strong resemblances to the sort of campaign conducted in a small township of a modern democratic state.

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It is a growing disenchantment pervades the popular view of natural science, it is mainly due to a disappointment that the effort expended in the past quarter of a century seems not to have produced an economic return. Japan, it is pointed out, has overtaken and outstripped its industrial competitors in spite of (or perhaps because of) its much smaller effort in pure research. And, to judge by the rising unemployment of graduates in science as well as arts, Western industrialists do not want the increased output that the universities have striven to produce, while naturalists may well argue that technological affluence has created problems greater than those which it has solved.

There is much to be said, both by way of challenge and of support, on all these issues; and the rumpus raised by the Rothschild Report shows how sharply they touch the quick of the scientific community. But in thinking about the functions of natural science, it is well to remember that even Francis Bacon, the harbinger of the material benefits to be expected from the pursuit of science, also wrote that "As for the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature." It is this pleasure and delight that draws the true man of science to his calling, and it is a misfortune that his frontiers are now so remote from everyday experience that he can only rarely share his pleasure with the layman.

It is therefore always noteworthy when a scientist who has contributed eminently in his field takes the trouble to describe its development and its present state in the simplest possible terms. This is what Otto Frisch has done for physics in *The Nature of Matter*, published in the year of his retirement from the Jacksonian Chair of Natural Philosophy in Cambridge. He is, of course, one of the younger members of the heroic age of physicists who unravelled the mysteries of relativity, the quantum theory, and the atomic nucleus; and he is famous as the co-author (with his aunt, Lise Meitner) of the letter to *Nature* in 1939 that first interpreted the fact of nuclear fission and, with Rudolf Peierls in 1940, of the memorandum that first coherently outlined the scheme for a nuclear bomb. Professor Peierls some years ago felt the call to write of physics in popular terms, and his

Atomic analogies

The Laws of Nature is still to be warmly recommended as a beautiful and simple exposition of a theoretical physicist's view of his subject.

Professor Frisch's book is in the same vein, although written rather more from the point of view of the experimental physicist; he clearly recognizes that the interpreter of modern physics faces a fundamental difficulty because, of all the natural sciences, it is the most remote from everyday experience. It deals with the phenomena exhibited by the simplest of all natural systems; and just because it aims to look into nature at its simplest, physics has offered the greatest scope for penetrating thought. It, incidentally, we regard science as an intellectual attack seeking to understand the whole range of natural phenomena, the first thirty years of this century saw a breakthrough on that flank which had been instinctively selected by the physicists; and much that has since been achieved in other sciences, and most notably in molecular biology and radioastronomy, has come from a turning out via the breakthrough created in physics. Recent successes in these other fields may well have diverted the spotlight from pure physics itself, but the subject can never lose its fascination for those who seek the deepest understanding of inanimate nature that man can achieve.

The first phase—the physics of Galileo and Newton—was, as Emilio Segre has said, "The physics of everyday life, of objects directly observable with our senses, and it thus has an easy and strong tie with our experience." It is therefore not too difficult to express it in terms that the layman can understand, even though the genius of Newton was required to discern its laws. And, as we extend upwards or downwards from everyday dimensions, towards astronomy at one extreme and elementary particles at the other, we try to "explain" our new experiences in terms of analogies or models formed from experiences with which we are

OTTO R. FRISCH:
The Nature of Matter
210pp. Thames and Hudson, £2.25 (paperback £1.25).

already well familiar. Nineteenth-century physicists, for example, found that they could explain much of the behaviour of gases by supposing that they consisted of flying molecules resembling tiny ball-bearings or billiard balls, on a scale 10 million times smaller than the ball-bearings of everyday life; and working out the mechanics of gases from the known mechanics of ball-bearings, Rutherford and Niels Bohr then found that the atoms which constituted the molecules in some respects resembled tiny solar systems. Thus, making a mental model of an atom as a nuclear sun with electrons in planetary orbits, Bohr was able to explain a host of observations regarding the wavelengths of light emitted by different atoms. But the idea of a solar-system atom by itself was not enough: Bohr had to impose a governing condition on the orbits of the electrons that does not seem noticeably to determine the orbits of the planets in the actual solar system. This was Planck's quantum condition which, although universally applicable so far as we know, only becomes of paramount importance in systems where the scale is much smaller than the dimensions that we encounter in everyday life.

Now a seemingly simple change of scale may well involve a vital subtlety: anyone who has tried to build a model steam engine, aeroplane, or boat, will know how difficult it is to make the model behave precisely as its original, even though it has been exactly scaled, and even though such models are rarely less than one-fiftieth the size of the originals. One typical reason is that (as James Watt discerned) the heat losses from an engine, for example, are proportional to the surface area

of its cylinders, while the power generated is proportional to the volume, and the ratio of area to volume (i.e. of losses to power generated) increases as the model is scaled down. A similar scaling effect determines that coal dust can explode violently in air whereas a lump of coal merely burns. So if practical difficulties occur with models on a one-fiftieth scale, we must not be surprised if intellectual difficulties arise when the physicist has to scale his models by a millionfold or more.

Modern physics is not beset by intellectual difficulties alone, for we must also realize that the more remote the experimental conditions are from everyday life the more challenging, difficult and costly they are to produce; this is why elementary particle physics is so expensive that international projects like CERN, are necessary to support the cost of the great particle accelerators. As Professor Frisch says, these are in effect the world's largest microscopes, used to study the smallest things that we can conceive of: they are beginning to reveal something of the structure of the proton and the neutron, which we can no longer think of simply as tiny uniform spheres, and there are hints that the electron, too, may be complex.

As regards intellectual difficulty, it is almost as big a step downwards in scale from atomic to nuclear physics as it is from everyday to atomic physics; and upwards to astronomy the scale-step is even greater. The understanding of phenomena in these remote fields is generally only possible through hard-won analogies with phenomena in intermediate fields: physicists have to make themselves thoroughly familiar with these intermediate fields before they move on to the newer fields, and they tend naturally to talk in terms whose meanings have been established in the intermediate fields, adding new terms when experience in a new field has become so familiar that it can be

given a name. The physicist's about writing of his to the layman has therefore his language and his very carefully so as to show how to pick his way from camp of everyday experience to the successive stages of remote heights now being attained in modern physics.

This is what Professor Frisch does in his book.

His book is one of a series, *James M. Osborn's Young Philip Sidney* (1972-1977) to interest the general reader in the university student's life. It centres on a number of letters written to Sidney by Elizabethan scholars in Europe during the middle of the sixteenth century. They were lying perdu among the shelves of the Bodleian at Oxford, and it was only through the efforts of the Bodleian's staff that they were brought to light. The letters are in Latin, French and Italian, and have been translated into English by the Bodleian's staff. The letters are in Latin, French and Italian, and have been translated into English by the Bodleian's staff. The letters are in Latin, French and Italian, and have been translated into English by the Bodleian's staff.

The book is unusually well detached from the set and even to the professional eye now at Christ Church, Oxford, because of the excellent long letter advising Edward (170 in all) several of Sidney's studies, recently translated from Professor Frisch's edition by John Buxton for these pages. It is also interesting (March 24), in the Bodleian, is a letter from Sidney to his brother, which is a letter from Sidney to his brother, which is a letter from Sidney to his brother.

With so much invested in him, his mentor was easily alarmed for his health, which he considered delicate, and he fuses over him like an old hen. Sidney was no more immune than the next man to virus infections when he was abroad. He rode long distances on bad roads and sometimes took unnecessary risks. Few personal comments were permitted in a Ciceronian epistle. Professor Osborn reminds us, apart from those concerned with health, it was with great satisfaction that Edward Waterhouse reported to Philip's father, on his return in 1577 from his embassy to Prague, "God bless him so, that neither Man Roy, or Horse failed him, or was sick in this Journey: only Folke Grelliv had an Ague in his Returne at Rochester." Malaria was endemic in the undrained marshes of the Thames estuary.

Death by misadventure, or death by fell intent, was always at hand to validate Languet's anxious clucking. Sidney saw the massacre of St Bartholomew's Day. Osborn conjectures that he may have been one of the "tall bewildered-looking men" riding pillion in the suite of the Duke of Nevers, who, according to

The white hope of Europe's protestants

under the saccharine flood. Along side these are expressions which suggest genuine affection and concern. Above all it kept him in contact with persons who hoped to be useful to him or to use him. What there is little or nothing of is political realism, as distinct from humanist compliment, and rumormongering as a spectator sport.

The burden of Professor Osborn's commentary is that Sidney's friend, the humanist Languet, saw in the well-connected and intellectually well-endowed young Englishman a potential Protestant champion, who would unite the forces of reform in Europe. This is why so many of Sidney's friends were Germans (despite his antipathy to the German language), whereas few seem to have been Italian. Languet deliberately set about training his white hope, introducing him to the right people, encouraging his facility in Latin, and discouraging too serious an approach to academic studies, since he was to be a statesman not a scholar.

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a modern historian, Henri Noguères, saved their lives but "thought it amusing to keep them captive for the whole day and compel them to witness the slaughter of their co-religionists." Even bloodier, or at least more widely destructive, was the sack of Antwerp by mutinous Spanish mercenaries. Europe was quaking like a bog, with Catholics against Huguenots, Calvinists not friends with Lutherans, and Queen Elizabeth's long-fingered fingers stretching out across the Channel to play her maddeningly unprincipled tricks with the balance of power.

It was the Queen who sent Sidney to treat with the Emperor Rudolf and thereafter with William the Silent. Professor Osborn argues that the summary of William's plan for a Protestant alliance with England was drawn up by Sidney, whose gift for clear and cogent phrasing was highly valued. He also calls attention to a more informal occasion, when Sidney fascinated the company in Prague by dismissing as "a mere tale" the mysterious antipathy which they had been told made it impossible for wolves to survive in England. He went on to explain the pressing need for a country engaged in sheep-farming to eradicate wolves and the practical means employed. We owe this reported table-talk to Philip Camerarius and to Professor Osborn's recognition of its inherent interest. It parallels Sidney's sceptical attitude to astrology, and affords a slight but genuine indication of the power of mind that his friends admired in him.

The Queen had no objection to power of mind but she was no friend to Sidney. She dealt slightly with her young and all too successful ambassador, who came home with an offer from William of Orange not only of a Protestant alliance but of his daughter's hand. If Elizabeth rather than Languet had had the moulding of what might prove dynastically a dangerous young man, she would perhaps have been more sympathetic and refrained from blocking his advancement. He had deserved well, but not from her. He was too able, too charismatic, too detached. Above all he was too European. He dared even to meddle with that untouch-

able subject, the Alençon marriage. Desperately short of money to keep up the style of living demanded by his own generosity and by the public image bestowed on him, he was left fretting in what he called "these corrupt times" and dreaming of the New World. In 1586 he went out to be Governor of Flushing and raged impotently at the wretched state of the garrison there.

If it is true that he got his death wound through his own rash behaviour, it was characteristic, the kind of thing that Languet was for ever warning him against. It is hard to think, as England mourned him with unparalleled pomp of poetry and ceremonial, that he was better loved in death than in life. He had been engaged in the composition of the new *Arcadia*, creating a world more manageable than the one in which he found his footholds slipping; but even *Arcadia* is an uneasy world. The sonnets at times strip to the naked nerve.

The Bodleian letter to Edward Denny, a transcript not an original, is one of the few in which Sidney mentions his own creative writing. Actually there are two, one to his brother with which he sends "my

toyful books", and a recommendation to Denny to "sing my songs". The dispute about the reading of one word in the newly discovered letter cannot progress much further than R. L. Alton of St Edmund Hall takes it (*TLS*, May 12), when he analyses the script in great detail and decides, as Professor Osborn does, for "and that with study" against John Buxton's "and that will be study". Small discrepancies are inevitable in the deciphering of an Elizabethan hand. What matters is the establishment, after many expert eyes have viewed the manuscript, of what is most probably written there. If there are discrepancies, no scholar's reputation is seriously at stake. The question of whether or not Sidney was referring to Spenser at the end of the letter is of much greater interest for, granting that precision is to be desired and if possible attained, the disputed readings of *with* and *will* do in the context convey very much the same sense. Professor Osborn, who accepts that Spenser was meant, will find a good many scholars ranged against him. This is a small matter in the face of 97 letters to Sidney, hitherto unpublished, and 4 tales that they are so few from him.

Royal progress

PETER EARLE:
The Life and Times of Henry V

NEVILLE WILLIAMS:
The Life and Times of Elizabeth I

KEITH MIDDLEMAS:
The Life and Times of Edward VII
244pp each. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.65 each.

This series, under the general editorship of Antonia Fraser, now runs to five volumes published, and at least seven Kings and Queens still to come. The present three are all of a high standard both of text and illustration, the volume on Henry V making particularly effective use of contemporary manuscript illuminations.

Peter Earle naturally provides the most background information, since Henry's own reign was a short one and material about him as a man is not abundant. The result is a vivid depiction of court and military life in the later Middle Ages by way of a case history. Neville Williams,

faced with the riches of Elizabeth's character and period, has had the hardest task, and has solved it well. His portrait of the studious, flirtatious, calculating Queen is workmanlike and sympathetic without excessive adulation. Keith Middlemas has had to contend with rather different problems. There is no lack of information about King Edward, but his life was spent mostly in his mother's reign, and by the time he succeeded to the crown its importance in national life had dwindled. His role as king was to exist a kind of autumnal effluence over the early years of this century, and his personal life, rather than his political achievements, are bound to dominate any account of his career. Along these lines Mr Middlemas has succeeded very well.

Some may say that it is old-fashioned to cluster history round the names of kings and queens, but these volumes show that the practice can be not only convenient but convincing. The texts are not mere vehicles for picture-books, and the prices are extremely reasonable.

The Elizabethan art of war

later historians, a comparison between this "mad Welshman" and Shakespeare's Fluellen.

It is not surprising that when Sir Roger did put pen to paper he produced books wholly concerned with some of the problems of warfare he had experienced. He originally planned a book to include an account of the Dutch War of Independence and a statement of the general principles of military theory. Unfortunately a careless servant lost part of the original manuscript so his plans had to be changed. In 1590 he published two editions of a rewritten part of his lost manuscript as *A Briefe Discourse of Warre*, a model textbook on the subject, providing an appreciation of Spanish military technique and a discussion of military organization, fortifications, weaponry, and the use and the deployment of troops. It ends with a section on the siege of Stuyvesant, valuable because it is the only known account of the action by an eyewitness.

Some part of his original manuscript came into the hands of Sir Peter Manwood. He published it in 1617 under the title *The Art of the Lower Countries*. This contained an account (unfortunately incomplete) of the main events of the early years of the Dutch War of Independence, the political and religious controversies preceding the outbreak of war, the mutiny of the Spanish troops before Alkmaar, and the battles near Middelburg. Incomplete as the text of *The Art of War* is, it does serve a place with the historical sources of the sixteenth century for its vivid portrayal of contemporary warfare.

Sir Roger was entering a highly competitive field. Books on military affairs appeared in considerable number in England during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Many of them were written by theorists out of touch with the realities. The significance of Sir Roger's work is that it is written from wide practical experience and with little regard for vague theorizing. He describes battles as they were actually fought, and discusses tactics which had been proved on European fields. He wrote with a practical aim. Realizing the extent to which the art of war was being revolutionized he sought to convince his fellow countrymen that if England was to keep its place among the European powers its military machine must be kept abreast of change.

These are the two texts John Evans has edited. This is the first edition of the *Briefe Discourse* since Williams first published it in 1590. An edition of *The Art of War* was published by Sir Walter Scott, and a modernized version appeared in 1960. Professor Evans now gives the only fully annotated version for the use of scholars. In a lengthy introduction he provides the background for an appreciation of Sir Roger and his work, an account of his early life and years of service in England and Europe, together with a study of his writings in relation to the literature of the art of war in sixteenth-century Europe. There are three appendices dealing with technical matters, a section of notes on the text, a useful glossary of technical terms, and a competent bibliography.

Secretary to the Royal Society

The Correspondence of Henry Oldenburg

Edited and Translated by A. Rupert Hall and Marie Boas Hall.

Volume VII: 1670-1671.

600pp. £9.50.

Volume VIII: 1671-1672.

663pp. £9.50.

University of Wisconsin Press (AUPG).

The publication of Oldenburg's correspondence is notable for its illumination of the formation of a scientific community: an international band of scholars linked together by a network of letters and defined by a common interest in the new science and mathematics. The

two volumes reviewed here mark the opening of the second decade of the existence of the Royal Society, which Oldenburg served as Secretary. Since have, of course, been many editions of the collected works and correspondence of individual scientists, but it is thanks to A. Rupert Hall and Marie Boas Hall that scholars are now able to see how information in the seventeenth century actually passed from one hand to another, and from country to country. In this intense activity, on so great a scale as to be of comparable (if not greater) importance than the publication of journals and books, or of regular meetings, Oldenburg played a major role. Hence his correspondence is of primary importance for anyone interested in the history and social organization of science, or in

any aspect of the genesis, transmission and influence of ideas.

In the years 1670-1671, the foreign correspondence appears to have been more significant than the domestic, although the latter correspondents include Isaac Barrow, then Lucasian professor at Cambridge. Flamsteed appears before us as a talented provincial, aided by Oldenburg who lent him books, gave him up-to-date astronomical information from abroad, and who published Flamsteed's early works in the *Philosophical Transactions*, even "carefully correcting his bad Latin and hasty English".

In this same period, contact was established by Oldenburg with Italy, chiefly through Malpighi, and Oldenburg was able to gain information about Italian scientific activity, and to get copies of Italian books. Another foreign source of information was Scudrinavin, opened up to the English savants through the election as Fellow of the Royal Society of the Swedish scholar, Georg Stenholm, the "father of Swedish poetry".

Among the foreign correspondents, no doubt "the most outstanding newcomer" was Leibniz, who introduced himself as one whose scheme of life was "devoted to bringing jurisprudence back to more or less demonstrable principles as may satisfy any rigorous philosopher". He boasted of new principles of motion which could also be applied to properties of matter, and he claimed to have solved a variety of physical phenomena "by means of a familiar and almost mechanical way of reasoning".

In the period covered by Volume VIII, the editors reach "the begin-

ning of the dramatic period of Isaac Newton's first contact with the Royal Society", but readers will not be able to do more than note the contact, since the editors merely list but do not print letters, saying that they are available in *The Correspondence of Isaac Newton*. This procedure eliminates from Volume VIII the most significant scientific letter that Oldenburg ever received. Its publication (in the *Philosophical Transactions*) marked the first scientific discovery of Newton's to appear in print: the dispersion and composition of sunlight—which Newton described (in a letter to Oldenburg not printed here) as "a Philosophical discovery" which is "in my judgment the oddest if not the most considerable detection which hath hitherto been made in the operations of Nature".

The omission of this letter and of those to Oldenburg which it aroused (from Huygens, Hooke, and others), plus Newton's responses, not only saps the vitality of *The Correspondence of Henry Oldenburg*, but it deprives the reader of the benefits of the editors' comments on the subject of Newton's optics, to every topic the editors have illuminated, however, is the possibility that Newton may have sent his recently invented reflecting telescope (of 1669) to the Royal Society in autumn 1671, on learning that Leibniz had written a letter to Oldenburg (printed here), mentioning "universal lenses" and a catadioptrical telescope, "where a curved mirror is plainly hinted at".

By the end of Volume VIII, we see Oldenburg at the height of his fame as Secretary of the Royal Society, and widely known through the diffusion of the *Philosophical*

Transactions. In this edition, the relation of Oldenburg to his correspondents is made clear for the first time. As the editors of *The Works of Sir Roger Williams* Oldenburg often tells his correspondents of "the interest their essays have awakened in the Society, and the profuse thanks they to deserve".

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23rd EXPORT NUMBER, 28th July, 1972

The Sense of Place

The editorial theme of this year's TLS Export Number will be cultural regionalism in Britain. Five signed articles will discuss some of the ways in which regional differences persist and are transmitted.

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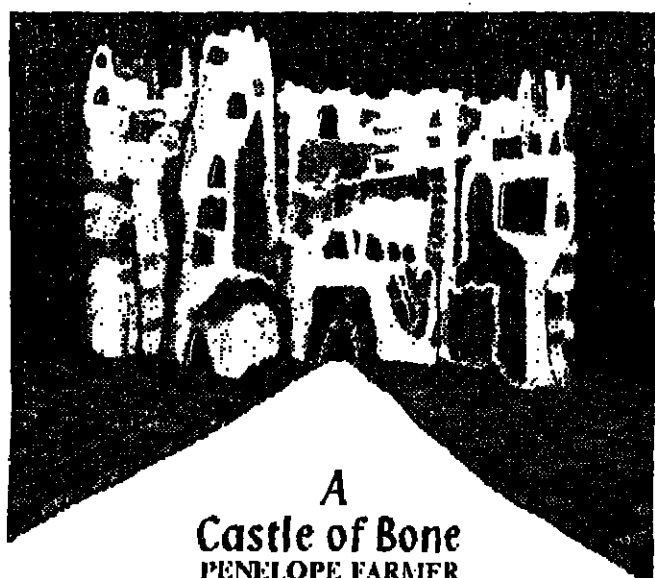
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Julie found living at the seaside very different from her expectations—and worst of all was Skip Saturday, when Gran relied on her to "skip with the best of them" in the old family tradition. 7-9 years 85p

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Gabby felt as much an outsider in her suburban home town as Mr. Krenko, who had once been a famous violinist in a country far away from New Zealand. That was before she heard the music—a fine, quivering shaft of sound which rose from under Mr. Krenko's roof—and friendship grew between them. 8-11 years 90p

CHATTO, BOYD & OLIVER

Bread and stones

MARGERY FISHER:
Matters of Fact
Blackburn Press, £2.95, (340 03577 3).

Matters of Fact is a scholarly study of a wide range of children's non-fiction, a study in depth and width. One can only be amazed at the enormous amount of critical reading and careful research that Mrs Fisher must have done to produce such a comprehensive book.

The material is divided into main themes called Foundations, The Multiple Subject, Biography and Careers. The introduction to the whole book is a very readable treatise on the criteria we should generally look for in selecting non-fiction for children, or indeed for anyone else. The Epilogue deals mainly with series. Within the framework of each main theme, books are classified under subject headings, "Bread" and "Time" are two of six varied subjects in Foundations, and a long and particularly interesting section on "London" is one of two in The Multiple Subject. The other is "Atoms" and great care has gone into researching the accuracy of even the simplest book in this chapter.

The plan of each thematic section is the same. There is first an introduction discussing on this particular type of information book and appending a relevant reading list. These introductions should be very useful guides for library students,

librarians and teachers, not to mention award judges. Here also will be found wise aphorisms aimed at the would-be writer, such as: "The writer should not rely on any outside agency to make his point clear; it is his duty to use his medium as fully and as expertly as he can."

After the introductions, numerous books on the various subjects are discussed and compared with conscientious thoroughness. Accuracy is considered of paramount importance but readability and design are considered and many illustrations are reproduced in both colour and black and white. Nothing is left out that is needed to make a detailed assessment of each book. The books are listed at the end of each section with publisher and date, but no prices or pagination. In addition to these lists there is a simple index to the whole book with authors, titles and series distinguished by being printed respectively in lower case, capitals and italics.

Matters of Fact is a large, well-produced but rather daunting book and is a companion volume to Mrs Fisher's equally admirable book on children's fiction, *Intent upon Reading*. They would make an imposing pair on any bookshelf. But in spite of all that can be said in their favour it is pertinent to ask—upon whose bookshelf? Presumably (judging by Mrs Fisher's past record) a parent's. The picture emerges, however, of a very special parent, an interested cultured parent blessed with a bright-eyed child eager to learn.

A child of four who does not set out to bring a child face to face with issues of life and death; but which on the other hand does attempt to bring the non-reading—back-street—even deprived child in touch with a setting and characters with which he can identify. Goodness knows such books are needed, working-class stories seen from the inside, without patronage. The author plainly knows her Liverpool and her little boys. The best episode by far, about a tramp who sets up house in Tommy's gang

Implicit throughout the book is the idea of the literate child, the child at home. There are passages to the "dull" child but taken very seriously.

And also...
The parent, teacher and child who hopes to use *Matters of Fact* as a guide to buying books, *Abelard-Schuman*, £1.10 (200 71822) warned that a high price

those mentioned are out of series mentioned is actual. *Slayers*, illustrated by Faith Jacques, *Blackie*, £1.20, (216 89312 1) check of the "Bread" books set in past America, the local eleven out of twenty-four, and terminology—particularly out of print. The "London" food, hominy and spoon bread for six of seventy-six bookcases—as evocative and potent as and three "Jackdaws" set to an English ear. *Stranger in the* four of the books are out of series mentioned is actual.

And also...
SHEILA G. RAY: *Children*, Blackburn Press, £1.94 (15914 0)
Described on the title-page as a "guide to those who wish to know about children's books," this is a paperback was first published. Sheila Ray has now brought date by the inclusion of a published since then and of others which have gone

Strong but simple

THE THING about beginner books, whatever one calls them, is that most children need a great many them. Regular visits to the library come absolutely essential during these exciting months when, at last, the child is able to bring an instant response and, in the process, to know he really can read. Regular visits to the library come absolutely essential during these exciting months when, at last, the child is able to bring an instant response and, in the process, to know he really can read.

The *Long Long Day* is a situation which to bring an instant response and, in the process, to know he really can read. Regular visits to the library come absolutely essential during these exciting months when, at last, the child is able to bring an instant response and, in the process, to know he really can read.

More popular with readers will probably be a zany pair of home-grown books, written and illustrated by Peter Campbell about a couple of Koolha bears called Fred and Stanley and their wicked friend, Michael Wilky. Michael Wilky disguises himself as a parcel in order to get at the party food first; he disguises himself as Uncle Lloyd and amuses himself with a spot of do-it-yourself. ("I don't think Uncle Lloyd has ever papered a room before," whispered Fred.) Lots of good dirty fun in both books and not too many words to stumble over.

Keep Your Mouth Closed, Dear is another attractive piece of anthropomorphism. Charles the crocodile can't help swallowing things; his mother weeps as she consults "Dr Crock". Witty, well drawn, with a good, easy story, it's surprising that it seems to have taken six years to get here from America when so many less worthy travellers arrive here so rapidly.

Helen Piers's three Mouse books with their excellent coloured photographs and minimal clear text—really for beginning beginners—have been reassured by Methuen in one volume. For the same age group and even younger are four attractive books in the "Home-Start" series. Imaginative mothers and nursery school teachers will have plenty of ideas how best to use these. Many

First poems

JOHN SMITH: *The Early Bird and the Worm*, illustrated by Beryl Sanders, Burke Books, 90p. (222 99285 9)

BRIAN THOMPSON (Editor): *Lollipop*, illustrated by Peter Bailey, Quentin Blake, Charles Keeping and Barry Wilkinson, Longman Young Books, £1.40, (582 15364 6) Also available in four separate parts at 90p the set. (582 19132 7)

It is dispiriting to find as good a poet as John Smith writing facile poems and lines like "And when the sun all robed in red" just because he is writing for children. The best poems in *The Early Bird and the Worm*, which will be for children of from five to eight, and which concentrates on animal life, are the most unaffected, and those where the

headquarters, is funny, neat and observant. But in general it is all slightly disappointing. She catches small boys in general rather than particular, and their episodic adventures seem mostly rather contrived, the toughness of the setting softened by an overriding coyness; less Z Cars than Dixon of Dock Green. It is a bit crude sometimes. But perhaps ultimately a book like *Tommy Mac* needs a bit more crudity, more gusto, a little more sheer healthy vulgarity.

RAY POPE: *Hayseed and Company*, illustrated by Gavin Rowe, Methuen, 90p. (416 66700 7)

A good addition to Methuen's "Pied Piper" series. About fourteen-year-old Pom and seven-year-old Boko setting out to earn money by harvesting the hay in the recreation ground; a more complicated venture than they realize. The relationships are right here and the problems are not glossed over.

HANISH HAMILTON GAZELLES. 40p each. PAMELA ROOFERS: *Sports Day*, illustrated by Janet Duchesne, (241 02087 5) *The Rainy Picnic*, illustrated by Priscilla Clive, (241 02147 2)

FRANCES EGAN: *The Donkey Upstairs*, illustrated by Elisabeth Grant, (241 02146 4)
Three first-rate additions to the series; simple enough yet with exact, believable detail and precise writing; not easy achievements in books of this brevity.

will particularly welcome the mixed colours and races of the children in *Who are We?*

Little Nippers.

LILA BERG: *Knitting*, (333 13122 3) *Well I Never!* (333 13130 4) Both illustrated by George Kim, *That Baby*, illustrated by Margaret Delany, (333 13129 0) *Horrid Day*, illustrated by Shirley Hughes, (333 13127 4) *My Brother*, illustrated by Linda Birch, (333 13123 1) *The Doctor*, illustrated by Bilo, (333 13127 2) *Dog in the Pool*, illustrated by Richard Rose, (333 13126 6) *Put the Kettle On!*, illustrated by Joan Dyke, (333 13125 8) Methuen, 9p each.

STAN AND JANE BERNSTEIN: *Nears in the Night*, (10 171210 1) *The B Book*, (10 171211 X) Collins and Harvill, 60p each.

SVN HOFF: *Thunderhoof*, World's Work, 70p. (437 90506 3)

MAMORU FUJII: *A Hot Thirty Day*, illustrated by Mamoru Fujii, World's Work, 80p. (437 90076 2)

PERRY PARISH: *Ootah's Lucky Day*, illustrated by Mamoru Fujii, World's Work, 80p. (437 90076 2)

THOMAS P. LEWIS: *Hill of Fire*, illustrated by Joan Sandia, World's Work, 85p. (437 90078 9)

PETER CAMPBELL: *The Koolha Party*, (416 07800 1) *The Koolha Spring Clean*, (416 07810 9) Methuen, 70p each.

ALICE: *Keep Your Mouth Closed, Dear*, World's Work, 95p. (437 22502 X)

HELEN PIERS: *The Mouse Book*, Methuen, 90p. (416 18800 1)

Home-Start Books
EILEEN RYDER: *Who Are We?* (222 00056 2) *What Do We Like?* (222 00059 7) *Who Lives Here?* (222 00058 9) *What Colour Is It?* (222 00057 0) Illustrated by L. A. Ivory, Burke Books, 55p each.

catchy bent and onomatopoeia matter as much as the meaning.

Lollipops—in the Beecham sense—is available either in hardback or in the four separate, beautifully-designed, 16-page sections which are devoted to Birds, People, Animals and Weather. The blurb claims that the poems will be enjoyed by children who are just beginning to read for themselves. Children of that age will undoubtedly enjoy hearing these favourites (the first book opens with Lear's "Plofiki", then Tennyson's "Eagle", then "Gray Goose and Gander") but as for reading the poems themselves, despite the excellent typeface, the vocabulary would stop them short of page 2. All four illustrations contribute colour pictures to each section, and very attractively too, with the exception of a couple of Charles Keeping's hideous faces.

Faber books for the young



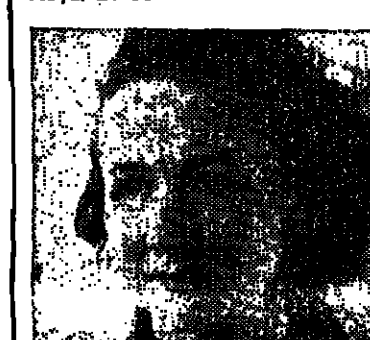
Illustration above from 'The Smallest Pirate'

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Battles at sea

OLIVER WARNER:

The Battle of Jutland

Illustrated by Paul Wright.
Lutterworth Press, £1 (7188 1886 5)

JOHN HAMPDEN:

The Spanish Armada

Illustrated by George Tuckwell.
Lutterworth Press, £1. (7188 1393 6)

Lutterworth's "When and Why" books each centre on a famous historical event and aim to examine "the cause and effect so that it no longer stands isolated from its background". The expected readership is ten to fourteen year olds. The prose style is simple, the dates firmly there but unobtrusive; at a quick glance one would say these are workmanlike accounts, succeeding in their chosen aim.

What emerges at a closer look at these two new titles in the series is very different; in one case better, in the other worse. In both cases the attention to background is small: the central event dominates each book. Oliver Warner is an outstanding naval historian and he writes here with enthusiasm and authority, in spite of the restriction of writing for a young audience within an 80-page limit, describing *The Battle of Jutland* with graphic details and good use of contemporary letters and accounts. We see the significance of the battleships and cruisers, steaming at full speed,

with bow and stern waves piling and creaming fore and aft, funnels pouring smoke, visibly lifted by the forced draught of the furnaces, the undersea often a red glow, they gave an impression of irresistible might.

We grasp the significance of this last action in history where "massed armoured fleets would fight it out with gun and torpedo". We are led through the silly mistakes, the

courage, the strange twists of this most complicated naval battle, a battle without conclusion, in which weather conditions and the vast mantle of smoke from the furnaces of 250 ships not only prevented the leaders and ships' captains from following what was happening, but enabled a Zeppelin to fly over the combat area without realizing that a battle was taking place.

The illustrations weaken the effectiveness of the text. We need maps, diagrams and tables to show the state of the battle at various stages: what we get are one inadequate map, two diagrams and a dozen drawings of ships firing guns.

Mr Hampden has a harder job in *The Spanish Armada*: it is a splendid story, but it has been recounted so many times before. Once we get into the swift moves of the Channel encounter, the speed of the narrative carries us uncritically along, and the ending is thought-provoking, making clear the conditions suffered by the humble creators of this great victory while afloat and the hardships under which thousands died on their return to shore hungry, penniless, verminous, ridden with disease.

But the beginning, where the author is trying to describe the ships and weapons on both sides, is a failure. It would be better to give no information rather than this half-information, this wedge of facts without explanation of their significance. Publishers often use experts to vet the accuracy of their information books: it is a pity that they don't also test step by step the interpretation of the text by average children of the age group for which the books are designed.

What is the point of a passage like "He abolished the forecastle. There were three or four masts. The stern-most, the mizzen mast, carried a triangular lateen sail", illustrated by

a drawing of a rapier and piece gun, the function of which are not in the text? If children "Twenty-five or more pinnaces and over two men" set out from Plymouth they not likely to suppose pinnace is something out of a ship? Why does the Cadiz on page 17 look different from its position? Did anyone think that were included to help children stand the text, or are they to break the page and a period flavour? Given and this readership and

escape of the Fenians

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Captains and boys

From *The Escape of the Fenians*

use him as informer. In the end it is Jamie's own dramatic action in jumping off the bulwark of the ship taking the Fenians away, risking sharks and paddle wheels in order to deflect the pursuing naval vessel, that wins the day.

Telling of tough men, self-reliant boys and a country that is more relentless than either and giving a wealth of detail about the daily life of those early colonial days, this is a straightforward story that rings absolutely true, and with a ring of iron. If there is any criticism to be made of the storytelling it is perhaps even too straightforward; equal weight is given to such a variety of characters and situations that, lacking a little shading and highlighting which turn history into story-telling, the going strikes an occasional heavy patch.

If Paul Budge's view is level and panoramic, that in Leon Garfield's *Child O'War* (written in consultation with David Proctor) is exactly the opposite, for the author presents both the hero and the sea battles he takes part in stereotypically. Sir John Theophilus Lee, the youngest boy—at the age of five and a half—ever to join His Majesty's Navy, and on whose actual memoirs the story is based, is shown to us not only as a snobbish old man reminiscing but through the eyes of his own children watching him; the stark facts of a British sailor's life and the peerless actions they fought in are shown in a fuzz of extemporization, through receding archways of freetown, as it were.

Though Leon Garfield's inventive re-creation of the Victorian scene is as ingenious as ever, though, even at several removes and through the pen of Sir T. Lee, the clear facts of the sea battles compel their own lucid prose, the two do not mix; it is as though someone had spun a cocoon of candy floss round a piece of steel. There are two stories here,

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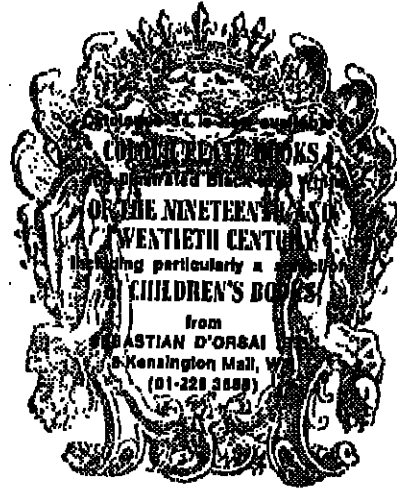
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Black is beautiful

EDWARD CHITHAM:
The Black Country
Illustrated by Graham Humphreys.
Longman Young Books. £1.60. (582
15040 4).

The winds of change have scarcely fetched gale force as far as coffee table guide books are concerned. *The New Country* is therefore to be welcomed as a breath of life in a straw which indicates the blowing of at least a breeze down the cobblebed corridors of popular history. No one will pass any O levels on the strength of having read this book, nor will they be enabled to escape into a fantasy world of pomp and pageantry. But it is conceivable that they may achieve the much greater blessing of an awareness that the undistinguished streetscape amidst which their lives are lived can be a source of constant interest, setting their own existence in the context of generations of living history.

This slag heap, that muck-laden stretch of canal, the words "Victoria Park" on a board at the entrance to a half-bald patch of open space, the naffer's shed at the foot of each of a row of workmen's cottages, these are the clues by which the author traces his tale. A fascinating tale it is, too, whereby a curiously self-contained community is yet revealed to have been, and still to be, in a state of constant flux and development right down the centuries. The blackness of the Black Country is by no means to be attributed solely to the Industrial Revolution, and the sections relating the origins of the coal and iron industries, for example, are of interest far beyond the purely local.

Mr Chitham is therefore to be congratulated on having introduced the

concept of integrated studies into a territory notoriously the victim of the romantic tradition. At the same time, however, to arouse his joy in his material, the instructor must be admitted that the intention of the book does not quite come off. Somehow, the author's relish for showing the paces of his hobby horse emerges in rather muted prose. The reason is surely that the new respect for the common man of the past as the stuff of history, which this book exemplifies, necessarily implies other changes; it must be accompanied by an equal regard for the common man of today as student and reader. The predigestion of material before it is presented for consumption is the hallmark of the traditional teacher: it can have no place in the relationship with the student in modern times. More confidence in the capacity of the ordinary reader to derive benefit from exposure to original sources, more scope for the common man of the past to speak directly to his modern contemporary, would have ensured for this book the reception its subject merits.

As the price of books increases, paperback reprints are more and more welcome in libraries, however, need books, hard covers and the Rodley Head seriously asked librarians which titles from their backlist they would most like to see reprinted, and as a result have issued the following titles at prices ranging between £1 and £140: Paul Beatty's *Sweetie*; Kesteven; Eleanor Estes; *Ginger*; *Mr. and Mrs. The Middlemist*; Margaret Stacey; *And the Family Tree*; Elizabeth Stacey; *Adapted Buildings*; Gerald Stacey; *Snow Cloud, Stallion*; last, Ruth Sawyer's pleasant and unusual collection of stories and carols for the end of the year, *The Long Christmas*.

BOOK NEWS

With supreme efficiency, Elaine Moss and Hamish Hamilton (in association with the National Book League and the British Council) have already produced their *Children's Books of the Year 1971* (paperback, 75p). Mrs. Moss has chosen 323 books from the 2,000 or so produced last year "chosen to give an overall picture of the year's good publishing for children, bearing in mind the different needs of English-speaking children the world over which parents, teachers and librarians are trying to meet". These 323 books can be hired, on application to the National Book League's Education Officer, for a very modest fee. Mrs. Moss's notes on each book are models for us all kindly, discerning and informative.

Perhaps this is a good moment to offer a bouquet to Kaye Webb for *Puffin Post*. This splendid quarterly, which is posted to members on every holidays and twice in the summer, is meant mainly for the eight to twelve, but often entertains people from six to sixty. Jill McDonald's, brilliantly comic covers and pictorial asides keep the bookworms in their places and the members themselves provide puzzles, poems and jokes as well as book reviews. Distinguished Puffin authors write stories and articles, and are dragged off unprotesting to Puffin parties. In March, at a fifth birthday celebration, Yehudi Menuhin became the club's president, and has already invited 50 Puffinners to a rehearsal in Southwark Guildhall on July 18. Puffinners get handsome badges, a book of rules and secret codes, Puffin bookplates and

notepaper and endless opportunities for amusement with their friends. The value of the magazine: at 50¢ a copy, it has a remarkable value, so it is no wonder that there have already been 100,000 members.

This year's August children's literature conference and c. takes place at Saint Exeter from August 14 to 19. DOMINIQUE FERNANDEZ: concerned with what Kevin 'Arbre jusqu'aux racines' Holland last year called 'the and corseted world of the 1930s'. 53pp. Paris: Grasset, 28fr.

again leave "having dis-
covered themselves a sense of place
excitement renewed, a new
and responsibility" (ibid).
Thwaite will open the con-
Gillian Avery (last year's
award winner) is among the
speakers. They have influenced the kind of art

Gillian Avery, Helen Crew, Rowena Sells, were co-winners of the 1971 Carnegie Medal for the best children's book was won by Ivan Aiken. I have generally been uneasy about Greenaway Medal for best book illustration was given to Pienkowski for *The King of the Sea*, by Ivan Aiken. With all these excellent books it is sometimes hard for the person to know where to turn; the library is a good place to turn. The Library Group has issued interesting pamphlets, compiled by Lane and called *Symbolic Language*, a guide to the literature and other organizations. The most obvious objections to a London and the Home Psychoanalytic approach to works (paperback, 60p).

Between the wound and the work of art

THE REDUCTIONIST BIAS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS



The "Madonna della Scala" by Michelangelo.

And even an apparently specific memory, he emphasizes, would not have been a simple imprint but a knot of facts and fantasies about his tragic home life, relevant to the kind of music he was to compose. The music—and all other genuine manifestations of art—are thus not mere psychological documents, nor fantasies packaged for sale, but real creations growing from their makers' early conflicts.

Conflicts: here is the word that begins to betray a certain poverty in the classical Freudian view of art and culture. What has been so disliked about Freud's discussion of Leonardo da Vinci, says M Fernandez, is the idea that Leonardo could have been "governed from afar all his life by the conflicts of early childhood". But why *governed* by *conflicts* only—why not inspired by satisfactions, that produced courage and art rather than fear and illness? In Van Gogh's pictures, he says, we can trace the course of "a character neurosis explicit in terms of psychological mechanism, and it does trace such a progress in the artist's relation to his father. In no real way does it illuminate what Van Gogh, most modest of men, knew about himself: "To get up enough heat to melt that gold, those flower-tones, it isn't any old person who can do it." Indeed not.

Repeatedly M. Fernandez's vocabulary betrays his conception of artistic work as one variety of defence against reality, rather than a celebration and recreation of it. Leonardo's motivation as an artist was to "replace a traumatic memory by a happy fantasy [fantasme]". Works of art are raised "as refuges, to divert and exorcise a not fully mastered childhood situation". Art as defence, as refuge, as illusion, as renunciation, as substitute, as reparation: nearly all psychodynamically oriented scrutiny of art, even from writers as diverse and sensitive as Ernst Kris and Adrian Stokes, still assumes the loss and not the satisfaction to be the basic reason for creating. Can an aesthetic theory be valid which places such stress on deprivation rather than on the extraordinary *truthfulness* that permits art to be made at all, and persevered in against all odds and reason? What are the experiences, neither traumas nor conflicts, that give the artist such certainty that what he is doing is worthwhile—an irrational certainty that proves to contain rationality of the highest order?

M. Fernandez accuses the opponents of a psychoanalytical criticism of being too cowardly to dethrone the artist/father-figure from his lofty status and see him as a man. Reversing the psychoanalytic spotlight on him, it might as pertinently be asked whether those who in all sincerity can see art only as a reaction to deprivation are actually envious of the energy and health (as well as pain) that it manifests. The error of reasoning which nevertheless makes a clear distinction (Freud himself *did* make this distinction) between art and symptom surely requires such an explanation. Analysis has been able to prove, says M. Fernandez, that "the obscure workings of fantasy and impulse that lead to a work of art are the same as those that lead to neurosis, madness and crime". Yes, as the man who stumbles and the man who runs uses the same muscles. "To persuade

himself that he is not a prisoner within his hell, the writer's ruses are infinite." Seeing the artist as a marvellous mystery is unrealistic, but it is slightly less so—and considerably more generous—than seeing him as a soul in hell, and an infinitely dishonest one.

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Eager weavers

J. GERAINT JENKINS (Editor):
The Wool Textile Industry in Great Britain
300pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £10.

NORMAN LOWE:
The Lancashire Textile Industry in the Sixteenth Century
122pp. Manchester: The Chetham Society, £3.60.

Though dealing with the same subject, it would be difficult to find two books more different than these in style and treatment. Geraint Jenkins' large and comprehensive volume is lavishly illustrated with plates, maps, line drawings, and diagrams. Norman Lowe's much slimmer volume is essentially a specialist monograph, limited in both time and area, and though it boasts appendices, glossary and bibliography, it has no illustrations apart from one map.

The Wool Textile Industry presents seventeen studies by fifteen contributors, a number of which were delivered as papers at the Leeds meeting of the British Association in 1968. Three deal with the historical development of wool growing and wool textiles from pre-historic times to the present; nine examine various technical aspects of the raw material and the processes of carding, combing, spinning, dyeing, weaving and finishing; and the volume is rounded off by regional discussions of the industry in Yorkshire, the West of England, East Anglia, Wales, and the production of tweed in Scotland. Five of the papers appear without supporting references, and ten without bibliographies. Unconcern is also evident in length and treatment, and generally the most substantial discussions are those concerned with weaving and the regional industries, especially that of Yorkshire. With its heavy emphasis on technology the volume will be of interest primarily to industrial archaeologists, though economic geographers and economic

and social historians will also find it much of value.

The Lancashire Textile Industry appears in the Chetham Society's third series. For its length it provides a remarkably detailed and well-rounded study of developments in the sixteenth century, a period that has received little attention in other works. Lancashire "cotton" really woolens, since the fashions of mixed cotton and flax did not appear until about the 1560s—were traded widely in surrounding counties as well as further afield in Norwich, Hereford, Bristol, Southampton, and London. Exports, mainly from London, went primarily to Rouen and other French ports and to the Low Countries. The manufacture of linens rivalled that of woolens around Manchester, which, according to Camden, already had "the best trade of any in these northern parts". Linens were important, too, at Liverpool, Ormskirk, Bolton, Blackburn, Preston, Burnley, and Wigan. As with the woolens, Lancashire linens were traded widely all over England.

Lancashire cloth producers were closely connected with farming, as their inventories show, and their own supplies of raw materials were supplemented by imports of flax, hemp, and wool from Ireland. Lancashire had very few corporate towns and so the struggle between guild interests and the rural cloth producers, familiar enough elsewhere, was largely absent. The main importance of the tiny Lancashire cloth towns was as markets for the raw materials and finished cloths produced in the surrounding hamlets. Although there were the usual difficulties over government regulation of cloth sizes and qualities, the rise of Manchester "cottons" and the Lancashire rug, friezes, linens, and kerseys was rapid and owed much to the near absence of guild restrictions. It owed not a little, too, to the native enterprise and vigour of the hardy clothiers and merchants of the county whose economic life is vividly brought to our notice by Mr Lowe's admirable research.

Pay as you go

WILLIAM ALBERT:
The Turnpike Road System in England 1663-1840
300pp. Cambridge University Press, £5.60.

This period of the history of the English road system illustrates how contemporary judgments were considerably influenced by rising social expectations. The older and more elementary textbooks are replete with tales from eighteenth-century travellers—notably from Arthur Young—about the perils of travel and the poor state of the roads. Against these have to be set the greater volume of domestic travel, the growing number of wheeled vehicles, and their increasing sophistication. It seems reasonable to wonder whether the roads were really bad, or inadequate for the demands placed upon them.

William Albert has made the first substantial study of the national significance of road transport during a critical period of economic growth since the pioneering work of the Webbs and W. T. Jackman at the beginning of this century. His book is excellent—thoroughly researched, and refreshingly written; and it is concerned with a series of questions relevant to the dynamics of economic growth (especially the question of transport costs) which were largely ignored by the earlier historians. Although transport history is a developing fashion with its own specialist journals, relatively few important studies appear about road transport compared with the ink spilt often needlessly—in the cause of railway or canal history. Dr Albert's book, therefore, fills a notable gap; excluding twentieth-century developments, his period is perhaps the most significant in modern transport history. At this time road transport after coastal shipping and river traffic contributed most to the development of a national economy, and some reassessment in the light of modern growth theory was necessary. As the volume of internal trade

increased the parish system of road maintenance was subject to increasing strain. The first turnpike, in the English fashion, was essentially a modification of this older order. As a device for road improvement, created by legislation and from time to time altered by it, the turnpike trust showed clear signs of historical evolution. Justices of the Peace were entrusted with all local road maintenance, and most of the early turnpike Acts gave these overworked gentlemen permissive powers. After 1706 turnpike trustees were commonly responsible for one road or part of a road. This alternative form of administration was acceptable to county justices, presumably because they felt overburdened and, in any case, preferred a more flexible system geared to local direct taxation: tolls on users of roads, it was hoped, would replace highway rates levied on the local community.

None the less, vested interests delayed the general victory of the turnpike system. Many farmers, especially in the vicinity of London, did not enjoy the prospect of competition; some river navigation companies elsewhere feared losses in revenue arising from more competitive turnpikes; tolls were resented by a variety of road-users: merchants, carriers and drovers, who preferred, naturally enough, that local residents should bear the financial burden. Popular concern about prices occasionally erupted into riots against trustees and tollgates.

The body of this book is a PhD thesis but the stigma appears only occasionally. In particular, an interesting treatment of finance and capital flows tends to degenerate into an over-zealous sloghammer in dealing with the views on interest rates of the late T. S. Ashton and J. S. Preussner. The concept that London dominated the capital market is not really denied by Dr Albert, yet the imperfections in the supply of capital are readily illustrated. A general theory might surely run something like this: in periods of considerable govern-

ment borrowing, London naturally, in an era of ready money, would be the centre of financial institutions (especially banks) begin to have effective variable regional and demands for capital, the authority of interest would reflect authority of the faith in Christ which the Church teaches. What guarantees the truth of what we believe about Christ? How do we know enough of him to believe in him? Since this double question was the meaningful quantitative basis of the relationship between the most rates and the funding of the turnpike trusts.

Dr Albert makes a persuasive and ingenious choice between existing Christian communities is clearly shown in his thesis but he is supported by a preface by the distinguished German theologian, Heinrich Fries. Mr Leese traces the course of declining long-term Newman's thoughts on the teaching and, therefore, easier authority of the Church from his youthful beginning in Oxford, 1740s. Not until the 1780s through the heyday of the Movement, "turnpike mania" got into the difficulties and disillusion. Once the fashion for this kind of clarification of his forty-five vestment was established years as a Catholic in communion movements in interest rate with the Roman See. The author less significant. Rates of shows that almost from the beginning of high risk for capital faith as resting on the whole Church, not necessarily obeying with the people as its witness and, although the bishops as the collective magisterium, sophistication of the money governing body, with power to after 1775, continued by to announce and define the content of

GARY LEASE:
Witness to the Faith
158pp. Shannon: Irish University Press, £3.

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Muslim scriptures

The Quran
Arabic text with a new translation by Muhammad Zafrulla Khan.
733pp. £3.

JOHN PENRICE:
A Dictionary and Glossary of the Koran
666pp. £3.75.
Curzon Press.

The Ahmadi movement has been in the forefront of the translation of the Quran into various languages. This is part of the movement's vigorous missionary outreach, but also part of a serious, if frequently controversial, attempt to relate to the modern world. The preface, written by the movement's founder, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, is a translation of the Quran's opening surah, the "Basmala", and is a personal testimony of the disbelievers. In the preface, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, a former Foreign Minister of Pakistan, and now President of the International Ahmadiyya Muslim Community, writes: "The Quran is a book of eternal life, and it is our duty to make it known to all men. It is a book of guidance, and it is our duty to follow its teachings. It is a book of peace, and it is our duty to promote its message. It is a book of love, and it is our duty to spread its light. It is a book of hope, and it is our duty to share its joy. 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